THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRESS IN RELIGION

JULY

1917

"Speak unto this people that they go forward"

New York Chicago
San Antonio

THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:—One Dollar. Send remittance by check or money order, made payable to THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE, and addressed to the office of our Treasurer, 105 South Dearborn St., Chicago.

Office of Publication: MOUNT MORRIS, ILL.

NEW YORK, 61 East 34th Street. CHICAGO, 105 S. Dearborn Street.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Mount Morris, Ill.

☞ Postmaster—Send all post office notices of change of address to The Unitarian Advance, 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Unitarian Advance

Formerly The Unitarian—Established 1906

Volume VII JULY, 1917 Number 11

ARE Unitarians getting ready to "be through with God"? An absurd question to ask, perhaps. We suggest it, not in order to refute some wanton slander or misrepresentation, but in view of things actually being preached in some Unitarian churches today, mainly by rather young men in rather radical regions. Of course, officially Unitarianism is committed to uncompromising theism. "The Fatherhood of God" comes first in the habitual statement of "Our Faith." "For the worship of God" is put as the foremost purpose of fellowship in a dominant number of our church covenants. Our denominational hymn-books are unfalteringly theistic, as is all the missionary literature issued by our national Association. Yet we note a growing tendency amongst some of our ministers in published sermons and addresses to use language that is frankly, and sometimes flauntingly, anti-theistic—not so much by way of denial of a dogma, as exclusion of an ideal. We stand for an anthropocentric more than a theocentric religion, they tell us. We stand for a gospel of Ascending Manhood more than a gospel of Condescending Godhood. Our emphasis is rather on the divinity of Humanity than the divinity of the Absolute. We seek to meet life's problems more in terms of the Here and Now than in terms of the Eternal.

* * *

MUCH that is involved in this new tone of radicalism is wholesome and stimulating. There is indeed need to get rid of certain "infirm" doctrines of deity that have dwarfed the proper assertion of man's responsibility. Even in Unitarian circles a gospel of "deadly optimism"—of "benevolent autocracy" at the heart of the universe—of obscurandist mysticism, has persisted with enervating tranquillity as the basis of a tame and insipid church program. If the Unitarian God is simply the God of Orthodoxy shorn of certain uncomfortable concepts "which we don't quite like"—a residuum patched together of what is left over after occasional rationalistic eliminations have been made—a brisk, new enterprise of revaluation of the "God-idea" is certainly in season. For the fundamental error in the mediaeval conception of deity does not lie in some periphiral fringe of accumulated addenda, but in the heart-principle of cosmic fatalism. The God of bleak Absolutism—the God of Static Righteousness and Completed Perfection, who ordereth all things well; who is responsible for all that is—and all that is is good—the God whose service is complete submission, whose triumph is a universe subdued to his perfect will—can no longer meet the issues of modern thought or modern progress. The Imperator-God and the Fate-God alike must go. And a part of the method of their going is the resolute emphasis put on the divine place of the human soul in the cosmic order; the stern enunciation of the gospel of human responsibility; the frank and fearless challenge of the Now and Here as more than Eternity; of the growing and groping Imperfection as more real and holy than the abstract metaphysic of the Absolute and the Changeless.

* * *

YET—"*When the half-gods go, the Gods arrive.*" That is fundamental prophecy, perhaps, but the other side of its singing prophecy is the stern responsibility of the prophet to see to it that the advent of the coming God be not missed. The popular name of this new radical impulse is "Humanism," which has the disadvantage, not only of being vague in itself, but of inheriting a historical tradition of ambiguity. It is at its worst when chiefly significant as the negation of something nobler. It attains its best only when it outreaches what it displaces by a more exalting triumph of ideal. We devoutly believe that modern religion needs more faith in God, rather than less. We believe that the only "Humanism" that has any vitality in it is a new grasp on the deep meaning of God, the unescapable Soul of Being, of which perhaps our best humanity is the noblest expression

and highest achievement in cosmic order, but which is yet more than any humanity has yet attained to be, as humanity is more than any individual soul, as reality is more than sum-total of all-the-things-that-are. And beneath all things else that religion may mean, that is wholesome and progressive, it must mean the conservation of Reverence for the Ideal. And the Ideal must come to focus in some commanding sense of Reality in God; not necessarily God in terms of the Absolute, or the Changeless or the Eternally Perfect, but God in terms of the Integrating Ideal—of that Soul of Being which is the reason of the good in Being, which is more than the sum of the parts—which is more than any individual fragment of the cosmic experience; which is the greatening worth of being, and the conservating issue of all human responsibility and aspiration. Let our friends of the eager new faith therefore beware of the blight of crass negations and smart irreverences. The ultimate mystery of the divine has yet some veil of reverence which is inviolate, and the holy name of God is yet the supreme triumph of man's idealism, which he were fool to cast away or mutilate. GOD REALLY IS and what he is, is more, not less, than what the fathers feebly dreamed. Let's get rid of the feeble dreams—but only the better to discover the stalwart reality beyond the dreams.

* * *

BILLY SUNDAY—like a certain Colonel of kindred qualities—persists in keeping his place as a head-liner on the front page of contemporary interest. Now New York is his, and his vogue expands to New York dimensions. Dr. Lyman Abbott approves of him, now; and when Dr. Lyman Abbott approves, we are to understand that it is no longer bad form for the "intellectuals" and progressives of Liberal Orthodoxy to "give a hand" of condescending appreciation. The interesting thing about it, from our point of view, is the chameleon-like opportunism of Billy Sunday's method. In Kansas City and Des Moines he saves sinners by a ruthless slaughterage of Unitarians and Evolutionists, and a lurid census of the population of Hell. In Boston, on the other hand, souls are saved with no fatalities to either Unitarians or Higher Critics; Channing is even felicitated, and the religion of good character genially recognized. In New York, a metropolitan largeness of range, combined with a metropolitan briskness of vocabulary, harnesses the Western vigor of explosive dogma with a somewhat worldly-wise roominess of modern pragmatism in faith; and everything is kept interesting by an incisive "modern tone." We are glad to have Billy Sunday succeed when he is at his main business of making sinful men turn from their sinfulness and unclean men from their filth. New York can stand any amount of "personal religion"—and frankly, New York is not above liking things well seasoned after the Billy Sunday recipe. And of course there are several million people in New York still in the reckoning after one has eliminated the "high-brow" and "smart-set" elements that are usually accounted the "real New York" of literature and the newspapers. Someone once said rather cynically that New York is not greater than other cities, it is simply bigger. Billy Sunday doubtless finds as much of essential Kansas City in New York as in Missouri; likewise probably as much of essential Boston as Massachusetts contains. There must be fascination in the game of reaching them all at once—which is the essential New York game.

* * *

WHY does the American Unitarian Association issue "War Bulletins"? With the substance of those already received we find ourselves in full accord. But after all, why "*War Bulletins*"? Is not the name inept almost to the point of silliness? War bulletins belong to the government military establishment. The American Unitarian Association is not at war; nor are the constituencies of which it is the servant, not bishop. In "Times of War" we may indeed be called to special tasks and responsibilities, but they are not war. Other agencies than the church are charged with the responsibilities of that. The church's "bit" in times of war is yet to maintain the high ideals of religion; to do our normal work the more genuinely and heartily because our work was never needed so much as in times of war. Yet, nevertheless, our work is not war. Moreover, it ought to be generously recognized that a substantial minority within our ranks, including

some of our most beloved and honored leaders, are so staunchly out of sympathy with the war enterprise that the issuance of "War Bulletins," with that inept name, by an organization of which they are a part, must seem laceratingly offensive. Is it in accord with the genuine Unitarian spirit to so absolutely ignore the position of a self-respecting minority so heedlessly? We are not pleading that a minority should dominate the majority. But the wholly unnecessary and offensive flouting of the instincts of the minority, when same results could be reached by more generously conceived methods, seems to us a singular lapse of thoughtlessness and—we had almost said—administrative hysteria, at a time when sober and comprehensive wisdom were peculiarly needed. If the officers of the American Unitarian Association really feel that they must assume the tone of leadership and not simply of administrative service in our denominational affairs, should they not all the more take pains to assure that the spirit of their leadership be toward denominational poise and sanity, generous comprehensiveness and breadth of good will, at a time when too many of our churches and preachers on both sides fall before the temptations of partisan eagerness?

* * *

OF COURSE none of the so-called "War Bulletins" of the A. U. A. have offensive partisan bias. Of themselves they are wholesomely conceived and practically well directed, on the whole. Nevertheless their name itself is an offence, and their phrasing too often over-emphatic of the fact that the Pacifist and Conscientious Objector has no place amongst us, whereas his place amongst us is notably quite significant. We do not agree with him, ourselves. But we do not demand either that he must face the alternative of either agreeing with us or counting himself outside. We *sympathize* with him, though we do not agree with him; and our sympathy with him reminds us that the thing that makes him (though mistakenly as we think) what he is, is more precious in our sight than anything else that the world contains: The soul's sense of divine responsibility to its own vision of the right. The big business of the Unitarian church, which is to stimulate and bring to victory the Ideal which binds us together in our common faith, is paramount to any other business for which our churches have called into existence its national administrative organization. Let its officers have a care that no sacrifice of the fundamental ideal be made to meet a temporary exigency.

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IN ACCORDANCE with our established custom there will be no issue of THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE *for August, our next issue appearing September first. The editor will be at home in San Antonio during the summer months, and all editorial communications and articles for publication should be sent direct to him.*

GOD WITHIN US.

So long as there is in the human heart one fibre to vibrate at the sound of that which is true, and just, and honorable; so long as the instinctively pure soul prefers purity to life; so long as there be found friends of truth ready to sacrifice their peace in the cause of science, friends of righteousness to devote themselves to holy and useful works of mercy, womanly hearts to love whatever is good, beautiful, and pure, artists to render it by sound, and color, and words of inspiration—so long God will dwell within us.

It could only be when egoism, meanness of soul, narrowness of mind contempt for human rights, forgetfulness of that which is great and noble, mastered the world—it could only be then that God would be in humanity no more. But far from us be thoughts like these! Our aspirations, our sufferings, our very faults and temerities, are the proof that the ideal lives in us. Yes, human life is still something divine! Our apparent negations are often nothing more than the scruples of timid minds that fear to pass beyond the limits of their knowledge. They are a worthier homage to the Divinity than the hypocritical adoration of a spirit given over to routine. God is still within us. ERNEST RENAN.

Everything you carelessly or seriously propose to do affects what you are disposed to do. You are disposed to look on the dark side, borrow trouble, and say discouraging things. Suppose you earnestly propose for one week to look for pleasant things, and speak of them, and never speak of what you dread or do not like. You will be more cheerfully and happily disposed at the end of the week, and you know it. "If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them."

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

The Soul of a Child

Is Character Without Religiousness All That It Needs?

By Rev. W. C. Gannett, D. D., *in Unity*

MANY an earnest parent is humbly conscious of inadequacy for the task of training the *soul* of a child. For its body they feel responsibility; for its mind they find teachers; it is their duty to see to its character, and they try to. But for its religiousness, "What can *we* do?" And such a father to such a mother may say: "This is beyond us; we do not know how. The Sunday school may not succeed in it, either. But after all, what matter? If in our home our child secures a good character, then, religious or not, he has all that he needs." To this the right answer, I think, is both Yes and No.

Yes, for character—"Nature in its highest form," as Emerson called it—*is* the one and only essential. In value nothing compares with it. And nothing is so sure to generate character, good or bad, in children as character in parents. "I will take what father takes," said the boy to the waiter asking him at table in the hotel what he would have to drink. The father was wise enough, let us hope, to give up the wine then and there and forever. But more than what we parents do, it is what we *are* that tells. No household ritual of religion, however helpful and dear it be, has such power to draw children toward the highest as steady loyalty to the highest on the part of the father and mother. A home in which Right is the unquestioned law, the permanent cause of the days, in which the life of the father and mother turns around "Right" as planets around their sun, is in itself the church of churches for young hearts privileged to live in it. Wherever enthusiasm for moral ideals expresses itself in habits of self-forgetting and duty, there is the worship organized into instinct of which prayer spoken is but an echo. We must *live* prayer before and after we pray, or there is no prayer. But lived prayer is always irresistible! The little ones catch the family gravitation towards the ideals; and "it is the thing that is caught, not that which is taught, that remains in a child's character." They have a right to expect, as they do, beautiful things of us parents. Whether we will or no, for their first few years we are embodied ideals to them—what Jesus is in the idealization of Christendom. "Mother, which is the best man—Washington, or Lincoln, or Jesus, or Father?" asked the small son from under the blankets. Full soon they find us out. Yet long after childhood is over, long after the parents themselves have passed out of sight, a father, a mother, *not* faultless, only "good," may be the invisible Christ in a child, directing his course and making for righteousness and happiness in him. There is comfort and courage in that thought—"not faultless, only good." Yes, first, last, and always, character is the one only essential; and it is what we parents *are* that counts above everything else for character in our children.

Now for the *No.* Will anything less than the highest, strongest, most beautiful forms of character in the child content the true parent? If not, the question becomes, Can character attain its heights of beauty and strength without "religious" elements in it? So the question back of all is, What do we mean by "religious"?

Can it be that the liberal faith, in emphasizing salvation by character so much as it does, lowers religiousness into morality, instead of exalting morality into religiousness? As I understand the two terms, morality is consciousness of vital relations with one's *fellow men,* and of rights and duties rising out of those relations; religiousness rests on consciousness of vital relations with one's *universe,* whatever that universe be—that is, however, the universe and the relations to it may be conceived by a given mind. Since one's universe, whatever it be, is greater than and includes fellowmen, religiousness is greater than and includes morality. Morality unconscious of this inclusion, unconscious of universe-horizons, may be only "conduct"; at best, is the "mere morality" of which we

have heard. But morality conscious of those horizons, conscious of something in itself universal, eternal, absolute—morality feeling itself to be law of Nature as well as law of a nation and a street-bargain; morality thrilling through and through with its own ideals—rises into, becomes one with, "religiousness." There is a morality nonreligious, and a morality religious, then. Both kinds generate character; but the first kind, character in its lower and less secure forms. The last kind alone can be trusted to produce the high, the enduring, the beautiful forms.

To put this in a more practical way. That word "ideals" gives us a clue. Consider the soul of a child, how it grows. The secret of the little soul's growth is *reverence*. Reverence is to character what the green bark is to the tree, the part where the sap climbs and the new wood is formed. On the outer circle of what we morally *are* lies a rim of reverence for, aspiration towards, all that we are not but *would be*. This is our rim of growth. Here year by year character adds to itself by assimilation of higher moral ideals. In this rim lie especially the finer, more delicate things in us; here is modesty, here is humility, here is wide and quick sympathy, here is sensitiveness to justice and mercy, here is the selfless heart, the open mind, the unshadowed sincerity—"beatitude" qualities, all. All are forms of reverence, forms of aspiration. Their very names suggest springtide in character; and we know how important it is to the tree that the green bark be not girdled, lest the sap in the spring should fail to run free. To secure this live, sensitive growth-rim in a child's character is the best endowment a parent can give him. No college education in value approaches this. Nothing so enlists that child on the side of righteousness, so arms him against the powers of temptation, so enables him to bear greatly and dare greatly, to become what he would be when willing his best, to feel the glory of living and get large values from life, nothing helps so much to all this as to make him habitually dissatisfied with moral attainments any or all, and passionately—not reasonably, but *passionately*—in love with moral ideals. Then enthusiastic reverence for moral ideals we parents *owe* to our children.

I pray you notice these terms, "reverence," "ideals," "enthusiasm," "passionate love." They are all terms of "ethics" raised to "religiousness." Let us vary our definition a little, though it is to repeat it rather than vary it: Religiousness is the sense of everything in relation to the universe in which it lives and moves and has being ("each in all"); more marvelous yet, it is sense of the universe living, moving, having being in everything ("all in each")! It is the sense of heavenly horizons in all things, of the Infinite in the infinitesimal! Therefore ethics —as also science and art—is "religious," or "nonreligious," according to the man. It is a question of depth of insight, of reach of vision, of degree of consciousness and realization. The God is *there*, always there, but how much do you *see*? There is a trinity called "the True, the Beautiful, the Good." The "religious" recognition of truth is a glimpse of the "I AM" in a fact! It is what makes a fact, as fact, holy—a thing not to be ignored, not to be tampered with, not to be misrepresented by exaggeration or diminution. It is the "Yea, yea; nay, nay" of Jesus. Such vision as that—of *"God" in the truthfulness* of the words that we speak —is it not worth while in ourselves, in our children? The "religious" recognition of beauty sees faces not as features alone, but in halos of spirit; looking at stars, hears the song of the stars; fronting life, feels itself fronting not experience alone, but pageant and glory, what Jesus felt before the weed of the field. Is not vision like this a worthwhile for ourselves and our children? The "religious" recognition of good sees in duty the unwavering choice under every condition; in sin sees the trip, and in virtue the destiny; in nature sees goodness and substance, and evil as shadow. It is that which transfigures fear into hopes and hopes into faiths, and beyond all failure and tragedy and horror and war discerns victories of justice and triumphs of love, as to Jesus a "Kingdom of Heaven" lay forever in view and "at hand"! Does it need days like the present to

make insight like this a worth-while for ourselves and our children?

This is "religiousness," as I understand it. There are other forms, more intense forms, of this "cosmic consciousness." I have not spoken of the sense of fellowship with Eternal Spirit; nor of our spirit's actual, dynamic communion with that Spirit, which we call "prayer"; nor of the *wrestle* with that Spirit—the wonderful "sin" experience by which most of us find out sooner or later that there is some kind of a God in us; nor of what suffering teaches; and death. These are "the *deep* things of God" in us; not in any few, but in all of us; though, again, with that "difference in consciousness" of them. I have only spoken of those forms of religiousness which seem but the higher reaches of that "good character" which our humble-minded parent declares is enough for his child. We may call it "morality" if we prefer, but it is morality aglow with the absolute and eternal elements in its nature; "character," if you will, but it is character attaining its heights of beauty and strength by virtue of such consciousness. That humble-minded parent is right, "character is sufficient"; but it must be *character*, and *that* takes the "religiousness"!

Now unless the homes of the liberal faith can awaken "religiousness" in this sense at least, to say nothing of other senses, are we not incomplete parents of incomplete children? And can we fail to see that such religiousness can be humanly helped in its growth, just as truthfulness, kindness, purity can be helped in their growth? The faithful parent never thinks of not watchfully training *these* in his child—training them out of their wild-weed possibilities that may come of neglect into the beautiful flowers of character. James Oppenheim, in writing of "gardens and children," says:

"This garden is a vision of what the human world may be,
When we can be as much gods to children
As we are gods to flowers:
When the joyous mothers can give the years
To enriching the soil,
And rooting out weeds and poisons,
And pruning, and sprinkling, and sheltering,
So that the human buds may open
Into banks of dancing flowers,
Blowing their laughter into the summer air."

Those banks blowing laughter are the reward that waits to delight mothers and fathers for "giving the years"! Give *not* the years, and the consequence in the garden may easily be blight deforming and stunting the buds of character. So, too, with this finer character, "religiousness." "Give the years" to its culture, and the reward is "flares of its color, drifts of its fragrance" in children. Give *not* the years, and the result may be only indifference, or it may be that worse thing, *flippancy*, in the children. Indifference, flippancy, before things worthy of reverence, worthy of awe and delight! And this caught from the fathers and mothers! Flippancy—pertness before the Godlike in things—is the parent's unforgivable sin. One sees now and then a home, not by any means destitute of ideals and noble living, but dark-spotted all over by the irreverent humor which has gradually become the household habit in old and young. Pity for the children reared at that home! And blessed they who grow up in homes where reverence overflows in spontaneous, abundant, unconscious as well as conscious, expression—like the love in it. Grudge not the years to your garden; and trust not your garden to the stranger, to the once-a-week Sunday school teacher, however fit for her task she may be. The lily of the field does not become a lily by one-hour, once-a-week spasms of sunshine and shower. No more can the lily of the home, the soul of the child. Enthusiasm for moral ideals, the sense of heavenly horizons in things, the passion for truth, for beauty, for goodness, are the outcome only of hours and days and years of spiritual influence. Only where the hours and days and years of the child are spent, are they likely to appear. One place alone, the home, is their natural habitat. *Can* we, the home-makers, "abdicate"?

Patriotism and Religion

By Rev. Maxwell Savage

Minister of the First Church, Lynn, Mass.

MY CONTENTION is, contrary to the feeling of a good many people in this country today, that patriotism is not a virtue belonging to the past, but that it is a virtue of today, and that the wise man is patriotic. Also, that religion is not merely an affair of the distant and perfect future, not a thing ineffably separate and so holy that it must not be concerned with the things of today, but that both patriotism and religion are things necessary and good for today and here, and that they should be connected.

I believe that bye and large in this country there is too little patriotism today, too little respect for the flag, too little respect for the national anthem—symbols to the eye and ear of this, our country.

There is a law in Oregon, I think, that the national anthem shall not be played unless it be played through. The other night at the theatre they mixed it into a cheap medley, so that no one knew whether to stand up or sit down. It cheapens and destroys respect for the anthem. In the same way we use or too often misuse the flag.

Now, from the words and acts of a good many people in America today you would think that Dr. Johnson had spoken unqualified truth when he said: "Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel." That is true at times; it is also true that marriage, medicine, charity can all be the last resort of a scoundrel, but that scoundrels shall resort to such things does not destroy their virtue in any way. Dr. Johnson also said: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon." I might add also Thermopylae, the lowlands of Holland, and certain fields of England and America, wherever, for God and country, men have resisted the forces of evil.

Now, let us look at some of the causes, at least to my way of thinking, for this lack of patriotism in America today. First, immigration, in itself more good than evil, but because they have poured in so fast and so many we have not been able to keep up with the task of making Americans of them. Many of them, too many, have retained their allegiance to the countries from which they have come, and have lived off our land and fattened here, and yet held no allegiance to our flag or any service to our country.

This country has been called "the melting pot," but today we have awakened to the realization that all these different ingredients have not melted, and we need under that pot a tremendous fire of American ideals to melt this mass of so many different peoples into one. It is said, because of this tremendous and, on the whole, good immigration, that this is the first international country. True and good, insofar as by reason of so many peoples coming here we have, perhaps, a better understanding of the lands from which they come. But woe unto this country if we think we can be an international country within our own borders! Some have come to us to escape from what Pope has called "the divine right of kings to govern wrong"—to escape the European tyranny of "king, cannon and priest." To be free! To escape poverty and to make money here. Some, as I say, have brought their traditions and their European training with them, and are not capable of really conceiving democracy.

Many of them have misconceived democracy as merely a material feeder of their material selfish wants. Some seem to be possessed with the idea that this country owes them everything, and they have not stopped to realize what they owe to it. Some misconceive liberty when it is put into their hands and turn it into a license. Liberty must depend upon order, always and everywhere.

Then there are those of us whose ancestors have been here many decades, if not for two or three centuries, and yet do we recognize *noblesse oblige?* No, altogether too many of us have taken our country for granted.

We have forgotten the price which has been paid, and are deaf and blind to what must be paid if civil liberty is going to be retained in a world such as this.

Another cause of lack of patriotism is the increasing numbers in this country whose method of living is absolutely materialistic, who do not care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to them, who are willing to sell anything, even the bodies and souls of men and women.

Then another cause is certain of the dreamers, both social and religious, who hold a wonderful vision of a time to come, of a condition to come in the distance, and fail to see the foreground of life, realize or acknowledge the steps that must be taken before the background can be attained. These people act as though the powers of darkness no longer exist in the world, despite what is going on right before the eyes of all who will see. If you listen to certain of these people you would think that all patriots were scoundrels. Now I say it is as bad to neglect one's country, carried away by wider ideals, as it is to neglect one's family, while carried away by wider ideals of the social whole. As the family is the means to the social end, so the country must be the means to the international end that will come some day.

Hating war as I do, loving peace as I do, but trying to see things as they are and as they ought to be, and the steps which must be taken to make things what they ought to be, I have become convinced of the wisdom of universal training for the youth of this country.

I know some of my fellow ministers do not think so, but feel that it is undemocratic, but which is more democratic at a football game, a group of young fellows up in the grandstand, irresponsible, with no sense of service and discipline, or the members of the team where every man has his part to play, his part in the service, who obeys the signals given by a captain whom he has selected?

Now, turn to religion. Religion is apt to be looked upon as a thing too holy, too ineffable, too separate from the actual happenings of life.

"As there is no abstract swiftness apart from the objects in motion, so there is no such thing as a purely spiritual emotion which may or may not be expressed according as the will may decide. All emotion is expressed, and that emotion which does not lead to action is injurious."

Now apply these truths to the nation instead of to the individual, which after all, is the sum total of many individuals.

A nation feels certain values. It is willing to live and die for these values. It feels for them certain powerful fears when they are in danger, certain powerful hopes and loves and aspirations, and it must express and act on these emotions or be morally weakened and injured as a nation.

Now shall religion in the face of these facts bid men fold their hands and not express their emotions and not turn what they feel into action in response to their hopes, loves, aspirations? I have never liked the idea of religion following the flag blindly, for the flag may fall into evil hands. Neither do I like the attitude of many religious people that religion shall look down on the flag with contempt. Better that religion shall stand by it as the symbol of those values, fears, hopes, loves and aspirations, and be willing to live and die for it. As the poet, Milton, said of religion: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but shrinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat." I feel that I can say the same of religion: that I cannot admire a religion that is cloistered, unexercised and shrinks from the race on account of dust and heat and dirt.

Does religion bid us not to see things as they are, to be anemic, to refuse to recognize righteous anger? Does religion ask us not to see the difference between right and wrong, between right and might? Then, if it does, I, for one, have little use for that kind of religion. Emerson said that "good thoughts are no better than good dreams unless they be exercised."

True patriotism looks through the present confusion and lays hold of the

principles of fair play and elemental rights of humanity. We have shown international forbearance such as the world has never known before. But the true interests of civilization, justice love, freedom, knowledge, religion and honor are too high a price to pay for safety and profits. Our emotions should be stirred when these values are in danger. We should be "stirred with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.

To resist evil for the sake of the country, and through the country for the sake of mankind, I hold to be moral and therefore religious. "The universe is in favor of enforcing its own laws," physical, moral and spiritual. If you do not believe it, try to break some law of the universe and you will find that it breaks you every time.

Religion is concerned with patriotism, to reveal to us that patriotism is no longer a do-nothing or do-for-self isolation, but is a goodly agency for doing our share for the sake of liberty of thought and speech, democratic government and religious liberty—these values which have been born of battles and apparently must be battled for again.

So to resist evil and evil men, to resist tyranny, to defend values for the sake of freedom and to keep the faith is, to my way of thinking, moral and, therefore, sacred. Sacrifice and heroism are sacred. Patriotism, devotion to my country's values and ideals, is not a necessary evil, but a necessary good; one of the necessary and good steps of those "altar stair sthat slope through darkness up to God." We should stand on that step firmly, nor should religion veil her altar fires as though ashamed. We should stand there firmly, having a right there, and yet preparing to take the next step up to the federation of the world. God, not an American God, but the Father of all, stands with us, expecting us to keep the faith and ready to open the gates that the righteous nation, the nation that keepeth the faith, may enter in.

What Think Ye of Christ?

By JOSEPH A. KYLE

Minister of the First Unitarian Church, Davenport, Ia.

YESTERDAY I heard of a remarkable offer. A man had offered to give $5,000 reward to anyone who could find a single Christian in any part of the world. That is a dramatic way of putting the question: "What think ye of Christ?" and an altogether safe way of putting it, regardless of the fact that Billy Sunday is turning out Christians by the thousand.

What think ye of Christ? I once had the pleasure of putting that question to a Roman Catholic priest. We were traveling in the same Pullman to New York City, he to become a chaplain in the U. S. Army and fired with the hope that he might be assigned to a regiment that would be sent immediately to the invasion of Mexico. As I asked him, "What think ye of Christ?" he gave me a pitying, almost withering, look as he said: "Evidently you are not a Christian!" I assured him that that was quite possible, but I had at least heard ministers say that Jesus loved his enemies, that he had even prayed for them as they hung him on the cross, "Father forgive them; they know not what they do." That convinced him beyond doubt that my Christian education had been dreadfully neglected, and he proceeded to give me my first lesson in Christianity.

He said: "To begin with, Christ is one thing, man quite another. Christ is God, man is not. God lives so above human passion that he can easily forgive if he feels like it; man cannot. When Christ on the cross forgave his enemies, he was not setting an example for us to follow; he was showing what God could do. For God to forgive is splendid, but to ask us to do so would be wrong, impossible. He expects us to be what we are, men. Now God is reasonable. He expects us to sin, to kill, and to commit adultery. He did

not forbid it; he gave us a means of salvation in spite of it. He established his church to forgive our sins. God does not expect us to imitate him; if we did, there would be no need of the church. The church is not here to reform the world but to save it."

That is one view, and a very popular view, of Christ. It reminds me of Tolstoy's words in one of his novels. He says that the only place for a self-respecting Russian is in Siberia. One might turn the words about and say of the church that teaches such a Christ: "The only place for a self-respecting American is outside the Christian church!"

What think ye of Christ? If such be the true picture of him, then his influence is harmful, dangerous, immoral. Men must not be given such an easy means of compromise, such a means of salving their conscience. They need must bear upon their own shoulders the consequence of every act. From the great commands of conscience and of God, there must be for me no escape whatever. I must test my life in the light of the Eternal and insofar as I depart from its standards, I must know that I am out of harmony with the great Spirit of Life, and that I am on the road to utter destruction.

Fortunately, there are other conceptions of Christ. The heretics have thought differently of Jesus. I recall Emerson's words, that Jesus was the one man who was true to what is in you and in me. In other words, Jesus is the voice of humanity, not God, in the conventional sense, at all. He was a human being with human limitations but also with human vision. He was true to what the human heart is always saying, and therein lies his power and value. The rest of us are not true to the deepest within. We need to test our lives at times by the exalted standard of a man who was true.

Frankly, it is not God that we need to know more about, it is man. Strange as it may seem, we know little or nothing about the inner workings of ourselves and our neighbors. We have come to a day when the chief concern of man is no longer to discover the infinite mysteries of God, but to understand human nature—the motives of human conduct. The challenge for the free church of this day is to preach the message of man. The opportunity is to take that humble Nazarene carpenter and sever him from the complicated creeds and statements of faith and make him simply the interpreter of humanity—the one who reveals to us our own best self.

There was a time when men did not desire such. They had little faith in life. Their great concern was to escape from this world. They accepted Jesus as a means of escape. But our attitude is different. For better or for worse this is our home; here we must live and here die; here our children must live after us. It behooves us to build here rather than in the distant future. We are not trying to escape, we are seeking a means for efficient living here along right lines. Our stumbling block is no longer the unknowableness of the Absolute, but our uncertainty as to human action. My own desire is to live at peace with my neighbors, to avoid strife, to avoid injury, to do something of real human service. When you look into the recesses of your heart, you find the same. But what of the other fellow? Dare I trust him? Is he of the same ideal clay as I, or is he of a baser material? Dare I act on the assumption of the other fellow's idealism? Or must I hide the kingdom of God within me and outwardly act as though it were a fraud?

The problem comes down to this. I am almost totally without knowledge or faith in regard to this great mass called humanity. I know myself to a certain extent and am astonished at the high plane on which I desire to live. But I do not know the other fellow—whether or not he would take advantage of me if I did attempt to act ideally. Therefore I lie down. Would it not be a tragic thing—after it is all over—if I were to discover that my failure to be true to my ideals was the cause of other men lying down.?

What we need today is not a God-centered religion so much as a religion of humanism. The interests and activities of the world are not hinging on some "revealed plan of the ages" but on the question whether or not human nature can be trusted. The first assumption of democracy is that human nature is essentially sound and can be built upon. But is such an assumption

justifiable? If not, then our proud talk about democracy displacing autocracy is sheer foolishness. If human nature is sound and reliable, then we need an organized effort (such as this church) to teach and encourage a world-wide faith in men regardless of nationality. If we believe in men we need no armies to compel them to do what is right, we merely need the opportunity to encourage them to trust us. The world is divided into hostile camps just because men are afraid to trust each other.

The German heart is longing for peace. The British soldier is dreaming of home and fireside—wishing that all this mad horror might end. But each springs to the defense of the fatherland, doubting absolutely that the man in the opposing trench is a lover of peace. What we need is not so much the preaching of God but the preaching of man, the essential soundness and idealism of all men, whether German, or English, or French, or Russian. Some governments do not measure up to what we think a government ought to be, but despotic governments are able to justify their existence as long as men fear and distrust each other. Suppose, for instance, that it were possible to convince the German people that no Frenchman and no Englishman wished them ill, and that it was their own government that was causing the trouble; in the twinkling of an eye the German government would go down, just like the Russian. There would be no need of foreign arms to overthrow it. But it stands, and it will continue to stand, regardless of foreign arms, because the people believe that they are surrounded by enemies and that their own government is the most efficient means of protection.

"Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, wishing for the war to cease." But war will never cease—it may be interrupted, but it will never cease—until there is a universal faith of man in man, in the essential soundness of human nature. The call of the hour is for a religion of humanism, foreseeing the day when men of every nation and of every race will join hands with each other, banishing all hatred, all fear, and all strife, for the upbuilding of humanity. Can one think of a nobler task, or a better way to serve one's country than to be, even in a small way, a builder for future peace and happiness?

Our jails and our prisons cry loud for a better understanding of human nature. Not one man out of a hundred convicted for crime looks upon himself as other than the victim of society or his immediate neighbors. Every criminal can point to some man or woman whose high-handed dealing justified—as he thinks—his resort to violence. He is convinced that other men are stealing right and left and that the only way for him to get along in such a world is to grab what he can. Not a woman enters the prostitute class without pointing at other women and saying that they, under the cloak of morality, are also selling themselves—and there is some truth in it! Rightly or wrongly, there is no end to the justification of crime if the individual or the group acts upon the assumption that neighbors are not to be trusted. The thug thinks he is no more of a criminal than the socially respected man who makes a fortune by a clever manipulation of the stock market; and in fact he is not. The thug justifies himself by pointing to the speculator as a man living high without real service to the community. And the speculator justifies his harsh dealing by the argument that the other fellows would get him if they had the chance. So is it also in the never-ending wrangle between capital and labor. Each looks upon itself as prompted by high motives but compelled to stoop to low means because of the lack of principles in the other party.

Where is to be the end of the whole matter? Will there ever be an end? Perhaps not, for new occasions bring new troubles. But at least it will not harm us to try a little more faith in the other fellow. He is just like us, not a whit less ideal. Perhaps if we gave him a fair show he would surprise us by his generous response to it. Our modern society is attempting to build a great structure which can rest on nothing other than the soundness of human nature. We are in constant wrangles because few if any of us have yet admitted that there is such a foundation on which to build. We have hesitated to admit that the man who holds a different opinion on any important sub-

ject is equally noble. We approach the ideal living condition only as we learn to trust each other in spite of our differences of accent and expression. We must look at the other fellow and see an exact copy of ourselves. The other fellow would, if he could be freed from distrust of us, act in every case nobly and unselfishly. The great American Lincoln hit upon this when he said that his opponent's motives were just as honorable as his own.

What think ye of Christ? May God help you to think of him as a man—simply, simply a man!—pure product of humanity; that his exalted vision of love and kindness is above all things but the daily breath of our common human clay, not something strange and God-given; that the spirit that was in him dwells equally in you and in me, in Briton and in German, not by the unaccountable grace of God but by right of human birth, the natural product of the love of man for woman. If you think of Christ, may you think of him as the Galilean carpenter, a peasant worker among peasants, and not of him as the founder of a proud and useless church. If he had any advantage over you or me, it was in his disadvantage; he was so destitute that neither wealth, nor education, nor social position was able to blind him to what his own heart spoke. He had nothing to lose and therefore he lost nothing. He listened to his own heart; he communed with the calm Galilean hills, and his words, even to this day, stand as the noblest expression of our common human soul. Perhaps his vision of a religion of spirit and of truth will yet be realized through the medium of an awakened humanism.

What think ye of Christ?

The Quarter-Hour Communion

(*Un quart d'heure pour Dieu*)

Conducted by DR. FRANK CARLETON DOAN, author of *Religion and the Modern Mind.*

(Readers of this Department are requested to spend at least a quarter-hour each day in communion with God or the Highest they can find. For membership blanks or further information concerning the Quarter-Hour Communion address the Editor of this Department, Summit, N. J.)

PRACTICING THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

I.

More than one member of our Quarter-Hour Communion has told me, or written me, that he finds it hard to fix his mind steadily upon the Eternal for even a quarter-hour. Of course he does. In the ordinary course of the day's work fifteen minutes isn't so long; but it seems interminable to a man who for the first time is trying to fix his thoughts upon God, the Great Spirit within him. He feels queer, ill at ease, bared in the unaccustomed presence of the Eternal! This is a sorry confession to have to make, but one which many a modern man has to make who for once turns away from the feverish pursuits of the workaday world and tries to be quiet and know that God is God. Yes, there is need for our Quarter-Hour Communion to cultivate in the modern mind this ancient habit of spiritual meditation, this daily practice of the presence of God.

II.

One good way to form this habit of spiritual reflection is to make a "familiar" of those who in the past have learned the secret of communing with the Eternal. These great communicants have left behind them a rich deposit of spiritual experience into which we in our day may delve at will. If you find it hard to commune alone with God, why not spend your quarter-hour each day reading St. Francis, or Ruysbroeck, or St. Augustine, or Thomas a Kempis, or Brother Lawrence, or any other of the *practical*[1] mystics of the past? If you will do this for a quarter-hour each day, the first thing you know you, too, will unconsciously have learned their secret and insensibly

[1]I say "practical," for I would have our readers avoid the spiritual degenerates who sometimes pass for mystics.

God will have become as familiar to you as he was to them.

III.

For this purpose I would particularly recommend Brother Lawrence to begin on. He is so practical and so simple in his way of "practicing the presence of God." No confusing metaphysics here. No doubtful psychology. Just a direct communing of spirit with Spirit. And he is so brief and to the point: you can almost read his little book of devotions and letters in a single quarter-hour sitting.

But what a wealth of spiritual wisdom you will find him practicing! Here are a few sample quotations taken almost at random from the book of his experience:

"I cannot imagine how religious persons can live satisfied without the practice of the presence of God."

"Were I a preacher I should above all other things preach the practice of the presence of God."

"Be always with God. * * * Do nothing, say nothing, think nothing which may displease him."

"Lift up your heart to him; sometimes even at your meals and when * * * in company. * * * You need not cry very loud. He is nearer than we are aware of."

"It is not necessary for being with God to be always at church. We may make an oratory of our heart wherein to retire from time to time to converse with him in meekness, humility, and love. Everyone is capable of such familiar conversations with God, some more, some less. He knows what we can do. *Let us begin then.*[2]"

"Let us think often that our only business in this life is to please God and that all besides is but folly and vanity."

"Let us renounce * * * *generously*[3] * * * for the love of him all that is not himself."

"He is always near you and with you."

IV.

There isn't much else to record of Brother Lawrence except this: *he practiced the presence of God.* He lived what most people would call an uneventful life. When his biographers have told you that he lived in the seventeenth century; was born of humble parents; was himself a workingman both before and after taking orders; was uneducated; in 1666 joined the Carmelite Monks among whom he was known as Brother Lawrence; died at the age of eighty; wrote a few letters—when they have told you this they have said all there is to say about Brother Lawrence's outward life. For the rest—*he practiced the presence of God.*

V.

This sense of God's personal presence in his life came to Brother Lawrence when he was about eighteen years of age. It was on a day in early spring. The young workingman had gone off on a tramp. Somehow he was depressed and lonely that day. Why, he could not have told you. There was no immediate reason, no special grievance or hardship to make him miserable. He just was. He was sick and tired of the deadly monotony of his life, its purposelessness, its wearisome routine of uninteresting duties.

You see how human Brother Lawrence was! Who hasn't felt that way? All of us have, if we are human at all. We have all known hours like this; when life seems pretty futile with its senseless round of monotonous duties. Yet if anyone should step up to us and ask us why we are discouraged and disheartened, we couldn't give any articulate reason; to save our souls we couldn't. We just are. We are sick and tired of the whole purposeless business.

Well, Brother Lawrence was just human enough to be in such a mood that day and just human enough to want to walk off and be alone with his somber thoughts. As he walked along he tells us that he came upon a gaunt, leafless tree—sapless, just like his own dead soul at that moment. But as he stood there it came to him how in yet a few days the life of God would begin to arise in that selfsame tree; the seemingly dead buds would fill up and burst; the leaves would spread out their open pores and breathe in the upper air; and the birds of the

[2]Italics mine.
[3]Italics mine.

air would build their nests in the hospitable shelter of its outstretched limbs.

And he found himself wishing that this same abundant life would arise in his gaunt and sapless soul, and renew his fainting spirit, and restore his being to strength and the joy of living. And, sure enough—as sure as God's sap in the springtime—in that very hour it was springtime in Brother Lawrence's soul: he felt God's Spirit like a divine sap stirring within him, filling his being to bursting with confidence, and peace, and joy!

It was a great day for Brother Lawrence. From that day forth throughout the more than sixty remaining years of his life his one purpose in life was to keep renewing, by daily practice, a daily drawing up of the divine Spirit into his being—to keep renewing and deepening this sense of God's life-giving presence in his soul. A daily practice of the presence of God, he called it. And he succeeded so well that those who knew him best could testify that it was always springtime in Brother Lawrence's soul.

VI.

So Brother Lawrence found the way of keeping God alive in his soul. It is—I must keep on saying it month after month!—the only way—this way of daily renewal of the Great Spirit within us all. It is this daily communion, and that alone, which can transplant our thought of God from the barren field of theory into the fruitful field of practice.

We all have our theory or no-theory (which for all its negations *is* a theory after all) about God. Here is one who thinks of God as a vast Power creating and sustaining the cosmos, keeping the stars in order and all that sort of thing. Here is another to whom God is a vast Urge moving the cosmos from within—moving it out of the Nowhere into the Somewhere, itself not knowing whither, nor caring. Here is another to whom God is just a vast Mystery, the "Veiled Being" forever beyond the farthest reach of our human understanding. Or here another who acknowledges no God at all unless he be the Spirit of simple justice and love to be found working in the hearts of all men.

And so it goes with most men. Much theory but little practice! We all need to follow in the footsteps of this barefoot Carmelite Monk and keep on practicing day after day until our God-theory or No-theory has become a living influence in our lives.

God is a great Power back of, and in, and sustaining the universe, guiding the stars? Sure enough. But that isn't God in any practical, human sense. The practical, human question is: Do you feel that vast power in your own life, sustaining you, and keeping your soul steady in its eternal course?

God, you say, is the *elan vital* that keeps the cosmos everlastingly stirred up. You have said it. Yes, but there is no practical, human sense in what you say. To be practical and human-like you must go on and ask yourself whether this divine Urge is even now in *you?* It was in your brute-ancestors, urging them to stand on their hind legs and think and act like men. They felt the urge and let it work through them, with the result that you are here now. You here now, are you letting this Urge work through you? It is urging you to stand on your spiritual feet and think and act like gods. Are you in your turn ready to practice the presence of this divine Urge?

Or call God the Great Mystery if you will. The practical human question is: Are you facing the great mysteries of your own life in the same dauntless and resourceful spirit in which the "Veiled Being" has so far wrought out its purposes in the world?

Even deny God, if you must; and substitute for this "ancient tradition" that spirit of justice and love which is traditional in the life of the human race on this earth. But to deny God is no good; nor to talk positivistically about justice and love in humanity unless you, personally and practically, are ready to make good this substitute-god in your own life. Be as just and as loving as you once thought God was: that's the way to practice this Humanity you now substitute for God. And if you will practice the presence of Humanity I can't think that you will have lost God in any practical, human sense.

VII.

It is Brother Lawrence's secret — the secret of all great souls who have followed this daily practice of the presence of God. Such practice lifts up all your theories about God and transfigures them into living realities. Take the God or no-God you know, and *practice* that. Whatever living reality you can find, open your soul and let it flow in! Life will lose all its dullness and monotony. Henceforth no more dreariness of soul for you, nor loneliness, nor world-weariness. Practice the presence of God and it will always be springtime in your soul: God, by whatever name or no-name you may call him, will arise like a life-giving sap, and flow up from the roots of your being and flood your whole soul with strength, and life, and joy.

BOOK REVIEW.

William Orne White—A Record of Ninety Years. *Edited by Eliza Orne White.* Houghton Mifflin Co., 1917. $1.50.

This little volume is a delightful record of the life of a New England minister in the nineteenth century. The story is told very largely in Mr. White's own letters, which have been skilfully edited by his daughter, herself a well-known writer.

Mr. White was not one of the notable figures of his time, but he was an admirable example of one of the finest types produced by our American civilization, being a high-minded, public-spirited, and finely educated minister in the New England of our grandfathers.

He was born in Salem in 1821 and died in Brookline, Mass., in 1911, so that his life covered that period of literary activity which, half in play and half in pride, we call the "New England Renaissance." He was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1840, of which he lived to be the last survivor, and of the Divinity School class of 1845. After graduation he supplied the pulpit at Eastport, Maine, for a few months and then went to St. Louis in 1846, where he supplied the pulpit of Rev. William G. Eliot during the latter's absence in Europe. His journey to St. Louis was made by steamboat down the Ohio River, a trip which had its spice of danger when the vessel struck a bad snag at night and then went ashore upon a sand bar. He describes St. Louis as having 40,000 people as compared to a population of between 6,000 and 7,000 fifteen years earlier. "The (Unitarian) church here has a Grecian front. There are about two hundred and fifty to three hundred people in the morning; in the afternoon, it is always thin. They all seem devotedly attached to Mr. Eliot." He returned from St. Louis by a Cumberland boat, passing through Kentucky and West Virginia, and after a pastorate of three years at West Newton, Mass., became minister of the Unitarian church at Keene, N. H., where he remained for twenty-seven years, until his retirement in 1878. His declining years he passed in happy contentment in Brookline, Mass.

The letters covering the period of his life at Keene describe the simple and placid life of one of those delightful New England towns where life was in many ways richer and on a higher level half a century ago than it is now. The letters gleam with the whimsical humor which the older ministers in our denomination will remember as being so characteristic of Mr. White. Perhaps one of the most amusing is his letter on typographical errors, especially those in the *Christian Register*, which misprinted an account which Mr. White had written of the "beauty and dignity of Dr. William H. Furness's supplications during some service" so that the reader learned of Dr. Furness's "supple actions"!

Altogether, the story told in this simple but charming little volume is one which well portrays the grace and sweetness, as well as something of the austerity and the plain living, of a day which is now dead in New England. The book will appeal to those who look back with tender affection to the life which it describes. H. W. Foote.

DR. GANNETT'S "HOUSEHOLD ALTAR IN HOMES OF THE LIBERAL FAITH TODAY."

Dr. Willian C. Gannett has had recently published a new pamphlet, entitled, *The Household Altar in Homes of the Liberal Faith Today.* This is a strong and stirring appeal for a deeper interest in religious education in the home. Every parent should read it. Dr. Gannett has generously offered to the Committee on Religion in the Home, appointed from the Unitarian Sunday School Society, two hundred copies for free distribution. The committee feels that with the small number of pamphlets at its disposal as compared with the large number of persons who ought to read them, it cannot afford to distribute them as freely as it wishes, but any parent or guardian desiring a copy may have one free of charge by applying to the Chairman of the committee, Rev. Charles T. Billings, at 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass

WESTERN CONFERENCE NEWS

Seventy-fifth Anniversary at Geneva, Ill.

The church at Geneva, owing to the scattering of families and the change in the character of the population, has not maintained services for a considerable number of years, but there is a deep root of loyalty in the hearts of the members still remaining in Geneva and of a considerable number of people who now make their homes elsewhere. The Chicago Associate Alliance held its last meeting of the season at Geneva on June 12, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the church. It was a typical June day, the first of its kind in the present year, and a considerable group made the pilgrimage from Chicago to attend the services. The anniversary celebration was held in the church proper, Mr. Ben Dodson, one of the Trustees of the church, presiding. After a few words of welcome and explanation, Mr. Dodson introduced Rev. T. H. Eddowes, the pastor emeritus who still resides in Geneva, though his active service was in the years just succeeding the war. Mr. Eddowes said that he had been asked to speak on the early days of the church, but that a record of the first fifty years was in print and accessible, so he should feel privileged to choose his own subject and to treat it in his own way. In token of the presence of the Alliance he chose as his theme, "What the Women Have Done for This Church and What This Church Has Done for the Women." Humor and sentiment were mingled in the address in fascinating fashion. He spoke of several women who had had an active part in the making of the church in the early days, and especially emphasized the work of Miss Frances Le Baron in helping to raise the money for the parsonage, which was achieved in 1893, and of Miss Elizabeth Long, who for twenty-five years had been Treasurer of the church, which position she still holds. In the other branch of his address he pointed out that the Geneva church was among the first, if not the first, in the Middle West to open its pulpit to women, and that it had ordained two women to the ministry, thus showing its faith by its works. Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, who was minister of the church from 1893 to 1896, was the next speaker, testifying to her appreciation of her three years as pastor of the church and of the many ties which had been kept up through the intervening years, so that Geneva still seemed like home to her. Dr. Rowena Morse Mann, pastor of the church from 1905 to 1906, was to have been the next speaker, but being called to conduct the funeral of a member of her present congregation was obliged to send a message of greeting instead. This was delivered by Miss Marian Lewis. Letters were also read from Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, pastor from 1887 to 1890, and from Rev. Marion Murdoch, who supplied the pulpit during 1903-04. Mrs. Paul M. Chamberlain, whose father, Rev. George W. Woodward, was pastor of the church from 1858 to 1862, told of what the Geneva church had meant in her life, and gave some interesting stories which had come down to her from the time of her father's pastorate. Mrs. Elmer J. Baker, the granddaughter of Mr. Woodward, also briefly expressed her affection for the Geneva church. Mrs. Mary P. Hunter, whose young days were spent in Geneva, told some of the experiences of the early days and recited a poem written by Mr. Dodson's sister on the fiftieth anniversary of the church. Miss Elizabeth Long spoke of the deep interest Mr. Woodward took in the young people and the many things which he did for their happiness and welfare. Mrs. Farson of St. Charles spoke somewhat at length of the work of the first minister, Rev. Augustus H. Conant, and of the deep influence of the preaching of Mr. Herbert, who was minister from 1874 to 1880. Rev. Mr. Smith, Secretary of the Western Conference, spoke of the far-reaching influence of the Geneva church as evidenced by the letters of former pastors, and the witness of those who had been former residents of Geneva but were now widely scattered over the country. Letters of greeting and good will were sent to Miss Le Baron and Mrs. J. B. Harvey. Altogether it was a gracious occasion, where many blessed memories were revived and the sense of fellowship between the generations was strengthened.

Adjournment was made to the home of Mr. Dodson, where luncheon was served on the spacious porch and in the dining room. The business meeting of the Associate Alliance will be reported elsewhere in this issue.

Illinois.

As usual, services will be continued through July at the Memorial Chapel, Chicago, for the benefit of the summer school. Mr. Pulsford may be found at the study during the greater part of each day. Services will be suspended at Unity Church through July and August, but Mr. Hawley's address may be ascertained by inquiring at the Western Unitarian Headquarters, 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Tel. Central 1917. While the Secretary may be away from the office for short periods, he will always be within telephone communication.

Iowa.

At Davenport Rev. J. A. Kyle has resigned and the resignation has been accepted, to take effect on September 1.

The resignation of Rev. C. F. Elliott at Keokuk takes effect on July 1.

Rev. Charles E. Snyder will take charge of the church at Sioux City, and services will be resumed on August 1. This brave experiment is due to the belief of Mr. Snyder that a church loses seriously in momentum through a long vacation. He is willing to shorten his own vacation for the good of the cause. Mr. Snyder has been in charge of the North Side Unitarian Church in Pittsburgh for the last seven years. He has entered into the life of the community there in many ways, being an officer and member of many civic bodies.

Place is here given for an item from Humboldt which should have appeared in our June issue:

Unity Church of Humboldt on the first day of May held its annual parish supper and general meeting. Formal reports were given of the year's work of each of the several church auxiliaries. These were followed by the annual election of the church officers. A substantial increase in the minister's salary for the next year was unanimously and enthusiastically voted. The last hour of the meeting was given to music and appropriate toasts and responses, among which was a strong address by the minister, Rev. Charles C. Williams, as a foreword for the future, especially for the coming year, an appeal full of inspiration to the good number of listeners who filled the room. It appeared from the reports given that the attendance upon morning services since the opening of the church year last September had been an increase of fifty per cent above that of the preceding year, and twenty-five per cent above the average of the past decade. The recent addition of twelve new members was also reported.

On Sunday, May 6, there was held the annual musical festival given by the Sunday school band, with its leader, Judge Coyle, assisted by other musical talent of the church. The program also included a charming story for young folks by the minister. The church auditorium was packed full for this service.

On May 13 a service appropriate to Mother's Day was held. Every mother present was presented by an usher as she entered with a white carnation. Appropriate music was rendered by the choir and a fitting and touching sermon given by the minister.

Wisconsin.

Rev. Walter A. Smith has accepted a call to the church at Menomonie.

Appropriations.

The American Unitarian Association voted a budget of $5,000 for this district, distributed as follows:

Ann Arbor, Mich.	$900.00
Urbana, Ill.	600.00
Iowa City, Iowa	840.00
Lawrence, Kan.	560.00
Oklahoma City, Okla.	840.00
Rev. A. E. Norman	300.00
Rev. Risto Lappala	400.00
Rev. Milma S. Lappala	400.00
Travel, contingency, etc.	160.00

REPORT OF ALLIANCE SESSION AT THE DES MOINES CONFERENCE (SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL WESTERN UNITARIAN), MAY 9, 1917.

The meeting was opened by greetings from Mrs. Paul M. Chamberlain, National Vice-President, and a few words of appreciation of the splendid reception and entertainment given us by the Des Moines ladies.

After reading and approval of the minutes of the last meeting, the one at St. Louis the year previous, the session proceeded to the business of the day, which consisted in three-minute addresses from State Directors.

Mrs. Sadie H. Passig brought us greetings from the women of Iowa, and spoke of the difficulty in passing from the purely material work which for many years was very essential, on to the higher work of self-development and expression which is now possible.

Miss Bella L. Taussig told us of her visits to the various churches throughout Missouri, and one just over the line in Illinois, Alton, and its endeavors to maintain work and repair its edifice. She then told of her own particular interest, Mr. Dodson's church in St. Louis, in which the women pledged $5,000, $1,000 to be paid at the end of the first year, and so on for five years. This pledge was made in fear and trembling, but at the end of the first six months $1,000 was turned over to the Treasurer of the church.

Miss Charlotte E. Clark of St. Cloud, Minn., spoke of the difficulties in spreading the gospel among the Norwegians and Swedes of this state, where many think that God speaks to them only in their native language. There are seven churches, and possibly an eighth, four of them among the foreign-speaking people. Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, and St. Cloud are the four English-speaking churches.

Mrs. George W. Holdredge told us of the two churches in Nebraska—Omaha, which is working on the project of a new church, with Rev. and Mrs. Robert F. Leavens as their earnest leaders, and a prosperous Alliance of fifty-nine members, and Lincoln, much the stronger of the two. Their annual "May Breakfast" is a time of optimistic recounting of the work done and that yet ahead of them, with never a thought of turning back, but always a plan for bigger things.

Miss Fanny A. Howard of Kansas was unable to be with us, but sent a most cheery

letter of greeting "across the plains from Lawrence, Topeka, and Wichita."

Mrs. Emmet L. Richardson of Wisconsin told of the difficulties surrounding the work in that state, particularly in Kenosha, but stated that there are hopes of the Alliance there again resuming its meetings next year. In Milwaukee there were lectures by A. U. A. speakers to which outsiders came and were pleasantly surprised to find that they liked the service.

Mrs. David P. Hueston of Illinois was unable to come, but sent her report with Mrs. Jarvis. Mrs. Jarvis told of Mrs. Hueston's work in visiting the various branches in Illinois, no matter how small and struggling, and how these branches, though at first reluctant to try to hold the meeting, not only wanted Mrs. Hueston but offered to pay her expenses and entertain her.

Mrs. William Bale of Western Canada gave us in her usual optimistic manner the report of the work in the distant Northwest. The churches at Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, and Victoria all receive visits from her and a great deal of help, moral, as well as the more material, for Mrs. Bale interests friends in the States and acts as a kindly fostering mother to these needy institutions.

After being taken in this rapid fashion over our Western Unitarian territory, Mrs. Mary B. Davis, Corresponding Secretary of the Alliance, spoke to us and took us on even more extensive journeys, from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Mrs. Davis's message was, as always, very earnest and inspiring. She gave us a figure of speech that will, I am sure, cling to the minds of all those present. It was in answer to the inquiries of an ignorant native of an island off the Florida coast. He said to her, "One Sunday I hear the orthodox minister tell of the terrors of hell fire, another I listen to the Mormon tell of the dreadful fate that awaits my child unless he is baptized in that faith; and then I hear the Unitarian minister speak on the broader, the liberal faith. How am I to know which is right?" She pointed out to him the palm tree with its long stem covered with scars of the old and dead leaves that have served their purpose and dropped off. She told him that the old beliefs that we formerly had are just like that—they served their purpose at one time, but have been dropped off, and the only leaves that are useful in contributing to the tree's life are the green ones at the top.

Respectfully submitted,

BERTHA H. KNAPP,
Secretary Pro Tem.

CHICAGO ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE.

The annual business meeting of the Chicago Associate Alliance was called to order by Mrs. Leavitt; the President, Mrs. Lynn, being kept at home by illness in her family. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The Treasurer's report was read and approved. Annual reports from the branches were read, each showing much work accomplished during the year, sewing for the needy and doing various things to earn money. The following officers were elected for the year 1917-18: Mrs. Frank M. Leavitt, President; Mrs. Frank Davidson, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Walter Jarvis, Chr. P. O. M.; Mrs. A. M. Lewis, Chr. Cheerful Letter Committee. The meeting adjourned until October.

A. M. COXE.
Secretary.

THE MIDDLE STATES CONFERENCE LETTER

It is highly advisable that all who contemplate sending financial appeals to our Middle States' pastors this summer should first consult the forthcoming *Year Book*. For many are the changes in prospect or just accomplished. To make mention of a few:

Rev. Frederick Griffin of Montreal has accepted a call to the old First Church at Philadelphia; and Rev. Roger Forbes of Dorchester likewise a call to Germantown.

Vineland, after being supplied through the summer by Mrs. Mabel Rorer, Secretary of the Joseph Priestly Conference, together with friends, will welcome in October Mr. Cloyd H. Valentine, now a student at Meadville.

From Allegheny Rev. Chas. Snyder goes, or has gone, to Sioux City.

Further North Rev. T. H. Marshall has resigned at Rochester to enter the business world.

Rev. A. R. Shelander, after carrying on the work at Paterson through the winter, has declined a call to become the minister there, preferring to give all his time to his church at Passaic.

But Troy will have a new pastor shortly—a recent recruit from the "Evangelicals"—Rev.—Rev.—Rev.— Oh, it is useless. You shall have his name next time—and also the name of the man who, 'tis rumored, will soon assume the role of field agent for the Middle States Conference.

Altogether quite a list, to which one must regretfully add the names of Dr. Calthrop, long pastor and pastor-emeritus at Syracuse,

but last month called on; and again of Rev. H. D. Catlin of Northumberland, whose months of painful illness closed early in June. Affectionately one writes of him, "How much I shall miss his messages of good will." It is good to hear that Dr. Brundage, however, is steadily improving

Meanwhile two newcomers have begun work under more than favorable auspices. At Erie, Rev. E. B. Backus in March took up the ministry his father had just laid down because of ill health. And June 6 the church held its annual meeting, with rain and hail *outside* but with a "splendid supper" inside of seventy-five people, and, after the supper, reports of a reduction of the church debt (which another year will see entirely wiped out) and of the beginning of an endowment fund whose income is to be applied to the minister's salary. By that time numerous late arrivals had appeared to give an ovation to the old and the new together, for Rev. W. M. Backus had come on from his home near Cincinnati to speak inspiringly on "The Function of the Free Church." One wishes he had the address before him. In default let us turn to Newburgh, where Rev. Clarence J. Harris, after pastorates at San Diego and Oklahoma, was installed on June 13.

A pretty church that at Newburgh, and still prettier when decorated with flags and flowers and—to say nothing of those in the pews and choir loft (they have a large vested choir there), and—where was I?—oh, yes—and adorned with the faces of Dean Wilbur of Berkeley and Samuel Chapin, the "Lincoln Man," and Bennett of Youngstown, who really looks more like Lincoln, minus a beard—or at least as much—and the countenances of Dr. Lyttle and Dr. Sunderland and—well, I and several others were there too. That is, the program was long? But it was not so long as the auto trip through the Catskills on which we were taken next day, while it was almost as good, the speakers being considerate men and using the blue pencil on themselves quite freely. The main address of the evening was given by Mr. Bennett, his theme being "The Differing Democracy." Referring in opening to the parable of the sower quietly he developed his argument: "Today there are no poor soils—or should be none. . . . . No individual, no institution, no city, state or nation can afford simply to drift through or blunder through life. The course of the latter is to be consciously, effectively directed. Man is too large a part in the process to depend on the chances of assuming an overruling Providence and nothing more. Each and all must do their bit. The time has gone by when we can expect the social order to be regenerated simply by allowing the forces of nature to take their course. Evolution in human realms is not a senseless, careless growth into betterment. Man has the greater part of the job. . . . . In the violent new birth to which the whole world is being subjected it is becoming clear that there is a necessity of a more thorough cooperation between groups and nations. A new nationalism is coming and a new internationalism. We need the variety and freedom of the individual and the group to make the most of its native capacities. "What is the place of the free church in this process?" he asked in closing. "Its ideals are the high ideals of freedom of opportunity. From its heights we look upon all life and make ourselves ready morally, spiritually and practically to enter the fields which even now are waiting for the sowing and the reaping."

Thus at Newburgh. Meanwhile by the Harlem where the classic goats once quenched their thirst—ah, one recalls the Recessional—

"The tumult and the shouting dies,"

for, after a run of ten weeks the revival is over and Sunday again has hit the trail. And left behind him—? 'Tis too soon to give the exact figures, though the earlier collections were rather small. But one's off-hand impression is that—fearing lest I was prejudiced (I read the *Times*) I consulted Dr. Holmes, who gives me the following:

"The Billy Sunday campaign has made little or no impression on New York. The revivalist has had large audiences and raised large sums of money, but this is the result of the splendid organization which prepared the way for him and has provided him from day to day with listeners. In itself his movement has been simply one comparatively unimportant item in the day's news and the city's life. The fact that he has been quite unable to dominate New York explains why no very marked reaction has shown itself in my church or, so far as I know, in the other Unitarian churches. I preached on subjects suggested by his presence in the city and the sermons were heard by the largest congregations I have ever had at this season of the year. An appeal for members one Sunday, on the basis of the kind of Unitarian gospel I had been preaching that day, brought us seventeen members at once, but on the whole our church has gone through steadily on its way, the campaign simply giving us an occasion for fresh thought on our particular liberal standpoint and a good opportunity to present this to the general public."

In Brooklyn Dr. Lyttle says much the same, only more so. As to the up-town tract room, opinions vary: "A success, though not overcrowded"; "a waste of money, with only three hundred visitors." Take your choice here, as also this summer, if you spend the hot days by the East River, for the Church of the Messiah is to be open, Messrs. Holmes and Brown preaching—alternately, I believe. While over at the Church

of the Saviour Messrs. Harvey, Cressey, and Lyttle of New York, Dean Wilbur, Rev. Alfred Manchester of Salem, and Mr. Griffin of Montreal will be the dog-days preachers.

Paterson also will keep open all summer, Rev. Arthur Singsen of Hackensack supplying its Sunday evening pulpit.

Dr. Lathrop of Brooklyn, by the way, is Chairman of the Navy Yard Committee of the Red Cross. So, too, Chairman of the Committee on Civilian Relief is Dr. Hunt at Orange, where his Parish House has been turned over to the Red Cross, from forty to fifty women working there each day making surgical dressings, and several of the church women trained to teach the same elsewhere in the state. The church has an honor roll, too, of the boys who have enlisted, Dr. Hunt himself serving in the Home Guard. Yet not all have gone. The church has a good Sunday school still, which gave a play, "The Woodland Princess," at its closing out-door fete. Though that fete was no better than the one at Schenectady, Wednesday, June 13, when ex-President Taft laid the corner stone for their new church.

There were several addresses on that occasion, all worthy of mention, Mr. H. W. Peck's for example (he is president of the Board of Trade), with its stirring:

"Religious liberty entails personal responsibility. This church is for a congregation who desire to assemble not from sentiment or superstition, but from love and duty, to study the problems of life from the ethical standpoint, to recreate our will, our spirit of enthusiasm, optimism and justice, that in our daily life we may better serve the God of the universe and mankind, his creatures."

"We have confidence," said E. A. Baldwin, Chairman of the Building Committee, "that this field is one of continually enlarging usefulness." And then came Mr. Taft, saying:

"The older a man grows the more convinced he becomes of the necessity of religion in the world. If civilization is to improve it must have that inspiration to make progress certain. Therefore we must all stand together as churches in the promotion of religion as an instrument for making man better, for the fitting him for the future life, and, more important, for the improving of his life on earth. Today we have at last come to a time when the churches are devoting their time not so much to preaching a creed as to discussing the problem, 'How can we improve the world?' Nor should we Unitarians stand back, but do our part with other churches, becoming as charitable to them as we would have them be to us." He closed with, "May God bless the church, bless the minister, the worshipers. May it go on to greater usefulness." And so say we all. Yea, bless the minister, Dr. Moore, who sent me the press account of the ceremonies without having to be prodded. Hallelujah, Amen. Do we believe in a "growing God"? Some do and some don't, but all believe in a *growing church* if it is of the right kind. And with that, I must ask you to excuse me. I have a strawberry festival tonight, for which I must prepare. Let that suggested excursus into Middle States theology go over till—*manana*. K. E. EVANS.

FELLOWSHIP NOTICES.

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from Rev. George W. Colson, of the Universalist denomination, an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this committee. Charles T. Billings, Julian C. Jaynes, Harry Lutz, Sec., 91 Park St., Newton, Mass.

Leon S. Pratt, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted May 21, 1917. Charles T. Billings, Julian C. Jaynes, Harry Lutz.

Rev. Edward B. Saunders, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted, June 19, 1917. Charles T. Billings, Julian C. Jaynes, Harry Lutz.

Rev. Harry Enos Rouillard, having satisfied the Committeee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted, June 19, 1917. Charles T. Billings, Julian C. Jaynes, Harry Lutz.

Robert M. L. Holt, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted, June 19, 1917. Charles T. Billings, Julian C. Jaynes, Harry Lutz.

Rev. Edson Russell Miles, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted, June 19, 1917. Charles T. Billings, Julian C. Jaynes, Harry Lutz.

"George Moore's Jesus is a weakling, paralyzed into quietism by realization of the appalling catastrophe he had brought upon the world."—[Extract from *Jesus, The Christ, in the Light of Psychology*, by Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

Western Unitarian Headquarters

The Western Unitarian Conference maintains offices at 105 South Dearborn St., Chicago, which are open daily from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. (Saturdays 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.). All publications of the American Unitarian Association, including those of the Religious Education Department, and of Unity Publishing Committee, as well as all denominational periodicals, are kept on sale and for distribution.

REV. ERNEST C. SMITH,
Secretary

MISS LINA SCHEIBLE,
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For the fuller realization of the divine in the universe and in the heart of man. They believe that God is Infinite Spirit, the source of all life and truth, and that something of the nature of God may be apprehended by study of humanity, and of the world about us.

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